

The Favor by flippyspoon

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Summary:

Billy gets his wisdom teeth taken out. Delirium ensues.

The Favor

Author's Note:

From an anon ask I got on tumblr! Thank you! So much fun to write.

It was Max who approached Steve about the favor after school one Thursday just as he was about to leave.

“Steve!” She came running up to him, red hair flying like a warning flag. “I have to talk to you! It’s urgent!”

“Urgent huh?” Steve crossed his arms and glanced around. He didn’t see Hargrove around yet.

“Yes,” Max said. “I need a favor. Actually Billy needs a favor.”

“Billy needs a favor from me?” Steve said, and snorted a laugh. Not that they were quite arch enemies anymore but they definitely weren’t friends.

“Yeah,” Max said. “It’s serious. He’s getting his wisdom teeth out on Saturday.”

“Okay...” Steve blinked at her. Now that he thought of it he’d seen Billy looking like somebody with an awful toothache, grimacing for days and tenderly touching his jaw, kind of pale. Steve didn’t like to think of himself as particularly attentive to Billy Hargrove but it’d been like that for a while now. He couldn’t seem to help himself. Not that anything would ever happen between them. The most interaction they had was on the basketball court where Billy still talked shit and stirred Steve up and Steve tried to act like it didn’t affect him. He thought he was selling that well enough.

“Yeah, and my mom and Neil are out of town. Til Tuesday. They went to see my grandma.”

Steve considered that and he frowned. “Why would they go out of town if he’s getting his-”

“Because they don’t give a shit!” Max snapped and looked away, likely looking out for Billy.

“He was supposed to get it done last week but it got postponed and the trip was already planned.”

“Okay...”

“He says he’s going to drive himself but...”

“Oh, that’s not a good idea,” Steve said.

“Yeah. A friend of mine’s sister got her wisdom teeth out and she was mess,” Max said.

“Definitely couldn’t have driven a car.”

“Okay,” Steve said. “So you need me to give him a ride and I’ll bring him back to the house.”

“Yeah. I can look after him from there.”

“Kinda surprised you give a shit,” Steve said.

“It’s...complicated,” Max said, her lips twisting up. “He’s kinda different. I dunno. He took Lucas and I out for pizza.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. We had to lie to my step-dad.”

“Hmm.” Steve nodded. “Okay. What time should I pick him up?”

“I don’t need a goddamn ride!”

Steve dutifully arrived at Billy’s house at eleven in the morning on Saturday.

Billy was being difficult.

"I'm doing you a favor," Steve said, narrowing his eyes, standing in the doorway of Billy's bedroom. "Come out and get in the car."

He couldn't help but scope Billy's room out of sheer curiosity though there wasn't much to it at all; a bed that looked like it could barely contain him and a big but cheap stereo and cassettes and some records. There was a vanity made of old crates.

"I don't need your fuckin' favor, Harrington," Billy said, glaring. Steve thought dimly of a spitting rabid dog. At least he was ready to go in a t-shirt and jeans, putting on his denim jacket as he glared at Steve.

Steve clicked his tongue and jangled his keys. "So when you crash your Camaro because you're drugged out of your mind that'll be better than taking a stupid ride from me, huh?"

Billy pursed his lips and scowled. "Ugh. Fine." He squeezed past Steve in the doorway.

"Oh, gee thanks!" Steve said, following him out. "Thanks so much for letting me do you a favor! Dick." He passed Max and widened his eyes, pointing at Billy, and she shrugged, sheepish.

In the car, Billy was no less pissy but it was at least not directed at Steve.

"Finally get a goddamn weekend away from the bastard," Billy muttered. "And I gotta get my fucking wisdom teeth out."

Steve drove down the street and frowned at the road. "You probably could've rescheduled it again to when they were home..." He bit his tongue. Why the hell was he inserting himself into this? Ugh.

Billy didn't seem to care about that. "Be even worse if he was home," Billy said quietly.

"Hmm."

They didn't say much else on the way to the doctor's office, a little brown brick building with a lawn in front. The neatly lettered sign read: LINCOLN & MICHAELS ORAL SURGERY Steve pulled up in

front and Billy unbuckled, still huffy. Steve said, “Do you need any-”

“No,” Billy barked, and got out, shutting the door in his face.

“Thanks so much, Steve,” Steve said to himself as he pulled out onto the road. “I’d be really fucked if you hadn’t taken time out of your Saturday to pick me up. Oh, you’re so welcome, Billy. Happy to be of service.”

The procedure was a couple of hours and Steve had nothing to do. He went all the way back home and ate lunch and watched crap TV and left again, feeling like a pathetic loser for having nothing to do on a Saturday but wait to pick up Billy Hargrove from the oral surgeon.

What is my life, Steve thought.

“I’m here for Billy Hargrove?” Steve said, leaning on the high counter.

The woman behind the counter nodded and smiled. “He should be about ready. Let me check.”

She disappeared down the hall and Steve heard a shrill laugh and she appeared again, still chuckling, covering her mouth. “Yeah, he can go. He’s very loopy. Might be a handful.”

“Oh great,” Steve said. “All I need.”

They gave Steve some extra gauze and told him Billy should have it in his mouth until it stopped bleeding. They gave him a bag with drugs in it and he listened carefully to a whole list of instructions, fully intending to pass it all on to Max and get the hell out of this.

“You can um...” The assistant nodded down the hall and giggled. “You can collect him now. Assuming he’s done singing Springsteen.”

“Huh?” Steve shook his head but as he made his way down the hall he could hear Billy, singing horribly off key in a hoarse voice. He might not have recognized the song if the assistant hadn’t mentioned

Springsteen.

“Can’t start a fiiiire!” Billy sang, slightly muffled. Steve pushed the door open slowly and paused there seeing the back of Billy’s curly head as he lay there reclined in the exam chair. “Can’t staaart a fiiiire without a spaaark!” He kept trying to wave his hands and they collapsed into his lap again. “This gun’s for hiiiire!”

Steve’s lips twitched. “Even if we’re just dancin’ in the dark,” he sang behind Billy.

“Who is that!” Billy said, talking around gauze. His head rolled around like a doll’s. “Ooooooh. Oh, is it God? Oh man. Oh shit! God! God? God, did you know, did you know they took my mouth? My whole mouth? Fuck.”

Steve couldn’t not laugh and he covered his mouth. He composed himself and came around the chair to see Billy, mouth full of bloody rolled up gauze, his eyes wide, his hair askew as he lay sprawled in the chair in his t-shirt.

He was kind of cute.

Steve bit his lip and smiled. “Wow. Somebody is super blitzed.”

“Oh my God.” Billy covered his mouth. His eyes turned teary. “It’s you. It’s Steve. Oh my God.”

“Yep,” Steve said. “It’s me alright. Time to go. Let’s get you home.”

“Steve came to get me.” Billy covered his eyes. “Steve. Steve came to get me. Harrington came. I knew you’d come ‘cause I needed you to come.”

“Oh wow.”

“Did God send you to get me?”

“Max sent me actually.” Steve yanked gently on Billy’s arm, feeling inclined to be nice since Billy was out of his mind. “C’mon. C’mon, buddy. Let’s go.”

"Mmmmm. Steve is so pretty," Billy said. He reached up to stroke Steve's face. "Pretty Steve with the pretty hair."

"Okay wow." Steve helped him up and Billy should've been able to walk but he leaned against Steve, throwing an arm around his shoulders so Steve gave in and put his arm around Billy's waist to get him going. "C'mon. It's not a long walk." He looked up at and saw Billy gaping at him, gauze falling out of his mouth. "Shit." Steve reached up and poked it back inside Billy's mouth and Billy yelped, his eyebrows jumping.

"Mmm. Thought you were goin' to kiss me," Billy said.

"Uh. Nope." Steve blushed scarlet and walked him through the door.

"Well, you should," Billy said. "You should if we're married."

"Oh Jesus."

"Aren't we? Aren't we married? Don't tell me we're not married."

"Can you like...just not... Maybe go back to singing?"

"They took my mouth," Billy said miserably. "So I can't kiss you anyway."

"Well...shoot."

"Yeah." He nuzzled Steve's neck. "You have such a pretty mouth. You have the prettiest mouth in the whole world."

"Holy shit, Hargrove." He walked Billy through the office, mercifully empty but for the assistant who gave him a wink. Well, at least she was amused.

"We should be friends," Billy said sighing. "We'd be married better if we were friends don'tcha think?"

"Yep, that makes sense," Steve said, ushering him outside, juggling an armful of Billy and the bag of drugs and instructions.

In the car, once he was buckled in his seat and ogling Steve who was

inwardly trying to figure out if all of this was just drugs or what, Billy started crying again. "Steve. Steve, they took my mouth." The gauze fell out again and Steve sighed and pushed it back in. "They took my mouth and I can't kiss you because they took my mouth!"

Steve pursed his lips to stop himself laughing and it came out through his nose. He tried to cover with a cough and he patted Billy's chest. "Hey. Hey, buddy. They didn't take your mouth. Okay? If they had, you couldn't talk. Right?"

"I dunno."

"Trust me." He flipped down the visor so Billy could see himself in the mirror. "See? Look. You have a mouth. It's right there. There's your mouth."

Billy tentatively touched his mouth and his eyes met Steve's in the mirror. "You're so pretty. I love you so much."

"Ha! Well...alright. Sure." Steve sat back and buckled up and Billy just kept talking as he pulled into traffic.

"I'm so glad we're married," Billy babbled. "And I'm married to the prettiest boy in the world or in space or anything."

"That's...really nice," Steve said, shrugging. "Might as well go with it. Thanks."

"Are you sure they didn't take my mouth, Steve?" Billy said darkly.

"Oh my God." Steve sighed. "Yes. I'm positive. You still have a mouth. I just showed it to you in the mirror, buddy."

"Okay because I can't suck your dick if I don't have a mouth."

"Wow."

"Well, we're married!"

"Right. Yeah, I forgot."

"Don't forget we're married!" Billy covered his mouth, horrified. "I'm

your wife.”

Steve burst out laughing at that one. “Really!”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“You’re the wife?”

“I think so!”

“Okay,” Steve said, laughing. “Right, Mrs. Harrington.”

“Mrs. Harrington” Billy said, grinning around his bloody gauze and looking kind of gross. “That’s me.”

“Oh my gosh. I’d kill for a video camera right now. Shit.”

“You’re so cute, Steve. Do you think I’m cute, Steve?”

“Yeah.” Steve blushed again and cleared his throat. He tried to focus on the drive. “Yeah, you’re super cute. You’re gorgeous. It’s fucking annoying honestly.”

Billy grinned again, eyes sparkling. “You think I’m pretty.”

“Sure.”

“Good. I’m gonna kiss you.”

“Oh, are you now?”

“Uh huh. As soon as I get my mouth back.”

“Oh, man.”

“How is he?” Max said from the couch as Steve dragged Billy through the door.

“Out of his mind,” Steve said cheerfully.

“Max!” Billy pointed at Max. “Hi Max! It’s my daughter, Max!”

“What?” Max said.

"Don't mind him," Steve said, half sliding Billy down the hall.

"I'm your step-sister, maniac!" Max called after him.

"MY DAUGHTER!" Billy hollered back.

Steve plopped Billy down on his bed and got dragged down with him. He sat on the edge and help Billy sit up against the pillows except that Billy kept grabbing Steve's hand and trying to kiss it.

"Um." This was getting distracting. "Doc said you might have some nausea. And you'll need the pain meds in a bit probably. I'll tell Max what to do. So... I guess I'll...see ya school." He smiled tightly. Everything felt weird.

"No! No, you're not leaving?" Billy gazed at him with big sad eyes.

Oh, Jesus.

"Well, I-"

"Please don't leave," Billy murmured, and he pulled on Steve's hand trapping it in his. "Please don't leave me, Steve. I never get to see you."

"You know," Steve said, smiling a little sadly. "You're gonna sober up and remember you don't actually like me that much."

"Yes I do," Billy said. "I like you so much! Will you stay with me? Please?"

It wasn't as if he had anything important happening.

"I mean...alright. Fine. I guess."

"Thank you," Billy said, looking quite happy.

"Geez. Didn't know you even knew those words."

"You're so funny, cupcake."

"Thanks, Mrs. Harrington."

Steve took care of Billy, letting Max off the hook. Steve changed his gauze and gave him medicine and sat beside him on his bed, thumbing a novel on Billy's nightstand that he wouldn't have imagined Billy would read. Billy snoozed for a while and Steve went out and watched TV with Max and then Billy got sick and Steve held his hair back and helped him rinse out his mouth and put him back to bed. He was still a bit loopy, lazily smiling at Steve like Steve was his boyfriend and of course he was taking care of Billy.

Then Billy fell asleep and Steve got genuinely sad. Drugged Billy was nuts but he was sweet and if nothing else it hinted at some kind of Billy who could let his guard down a little, cut the bullshit and bravado.

Drugged Billy wanted to be friends with Steve, thought Steve was the "prettiest boy in the world."

Drugs talking, Steve thought. Don't be a fucking idiot.

It was dumb anyway. It wasn't like he had a crush on Billy. Steve just thought he was hot and, well, potentially fun or cool to be around if you could ever get close enough but who had the time for that?

Somehow Steve fell asleep, sitting beside Billy on his too-small bed, even though he'd promised himself he wouldn't because at best he'd get shoved out of it if Billy woke up normal.

Steve woke up first, disoriented and surprised to find himself curled up around Billy, his arm slung over Billy's stomach. He was nuzzling Billy's shoulder. Oopsie. He didn't particularly want to move though. He was comfy where he was. And Billy's t-shirt was soft and his body seemed to fit perfectly against Steve's and-

"Harrington?" Billy murmured.

HE'S GONNA KILL ME!

Steve sat up with a start and said, "You wanted me to stay!"

Billy frowned up at him and rubbed his eye. "Huh?"

"You can't be mad, alright? You literally begged me to stay so I

stayed and took care of you. Okay? So. Just shut up.”

“You took care of me?” He sat up. He still looked a bit green. “I thought I was dreaming.”

“No...”

“What time is it?”

Steve checked his watch. “Almost ten.” He stretched a little. Stupid to fall asleep here.

“You’ve been here all day?” Billy blinked at him, disbelieving.

“You...needed me,” Steve sputtered. No, that sounded wrong. “Or you needed somebody- I dunno! Okay. You asked me to stay so I stayed. You’re kinda nice when you’re all fucked up.” Steve was sure he’d never seen Billy turn red but now he did. He even smiled a little. “Didn’t have to do that.”

Steve squinted at him. “You still high?”

“Ah, well, everything fuckin’ hurts so I guess not.”

“Oh.” That was surprising. “Well...”

“Harrington. Thanks.” Billy spoke quietly, staring down at his hands. “I guess. Thanks for... all this.”

“Yeah.” Steve shrugged. “Sure.”

That was it, he supposed. At least it had ended okay. On Monday it would all be like normal again. Steve wanted to bang his head against a wall suddenly.

Billy coughed and said, “I didn’t...say anything stupid? When I was really fucked up? Did I?”

Steve’s mouth dropped open and he considered his options. He could guarantee things would not be just like normal on Monday and risk getting punched or-

"You said I was the prettiest boy in the world," Steve said. "And that you were going to kiss me.

As soon as they gave you your mouth back."

Billy looked at him and Steve could almost see the wiring short-circuit. "What."

Oh my God, Steve thought. He does like me.

"Hey listen," Steve said. "You're all messed up and in pain. So don't worry about it."

"Uh...right-

"You can kiss me when you're better." He pushed an errant blonde curl behind Billy's ear.

"What?" Billy's eyes were huge. "I can? I mean.... Wait. What?"

"Well, we are married," Steve said, and grinned. "Mrs. Harrington."

"What?"